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WOODWIND

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SUDDENLY WASHINGTON HAS STYLE

By Clover Holcomb

Panorama has become an institution in Washington over the last six years. If you've been a faithful viewer, you've probably become emotionally involved with the recent, traumatic changes. If you haven't been watching, it may be time to look in again. You probably know, through gossip, small items in *The Washington Post*, or sudden disappearances, that two of the three co-hosts on WMAL's daytime talk show have left for various reasons and horizons. The cast is now reduced from Alice Travis, Maury Povitch and John Wills to Maury Povitch and, off stage, new producer Jane Henry Caper.

The idea of having a talk show out of Washington may seem to be a natural choice. After all, this *is* the Nation's Capital, and this *is* where things should happen and where interesting people gather to watch fascinating people in action. Well, that was not quite the case. You may remember having the word "provincialism" breathed at you by other-town friends. You may even have breathed the phrase "private city" back defensively, knowing all the while that bureaucracy was really no more interesting than any small town's gossip. Not any more.

Washington suddenly has style in its streets; a sense of humor in the shops; theater in the halls; music in the parks; art in the galleries; crafts in the amusement parks. The only thing left in the cupboard is granola. Washington is excited, exciting and, finally, on top of itself.

It may not have come about in the same way, but *Panorama* has changed, too. If Washington has added a healthy art milieu — forged, of course, by our healthy artists — to its political arena, Povitch, by casting off his "young whippersnapper" role, has become an interesting combination of Washington's high-power sort of news commentator and a real live Washingtonian.

He seems to be aware of that dangerous power of creativity wielded by newscasters, as well as of that unsuspected potential of the media which is translated into a sort of non-authoritarian view of the arts, life styles and humor on *Panorama*. This may be a part of that "new breed" of professionals who are now uneasily living and reevaluating the problem that news is often not news unless television is there to record it. (Or, the even more unsettling fact that it takes only the presence of the cameras for events to create themselves.) Although not directly related to *Panorama*, it is this sort of consciousness that made the show's switch to professionalism not a slide into slickness, but more of a jump into life.

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The most immediate question about the show is probably that of the host replacements. Jane Caper's decision not to replace Alice Travis and John Wills with new hosts has left Maury Povitch alone on stage: this is probably one of the most obvious indicators of *Panorama*'s new look. Povitch says:

The role has changed. I disagree with many who say that I've gotten more mundane, less controversial, more centrist. . . . The role-playing was before. . . now I can give gut reactions. Before, I couldn't because it would have been usurping someone else's role. A lot has changed in my life. I do news at night. If you do news and are considered a good newsman, you have a lot of latitude. Before, you're a guy who is on during the day, and giving sports at night: who the hell are you? And what are you doing? You can't do that in this business. You have to have a constant image, a constant personality that will run through your work no matter what it is. It's taken me ten years to do that.

But if you find that even Maury Povitch may not be enough, there will be a series of guest-hosts whose names alone raise an eyebrow: Otto Preminger, Mort Sahl, Art Buchwald, Gore Vidal, and Zero Mostel. Actually, the very idea of a guest-host is bizarre. After all, if you're a guest, you cannot be a host, a fact that any flu victim familiar with *The Mike Douglas Show* can confirm. [Povitch: *It all depends on how you use the guest-hosts. . . . If the guest-host is nothing more than someone who would be a guest and has nothing more to offer than that, well then. . .*] The *Panorama* principals, however, seem to have a more definite idea of what a guest is and what a host should be. Having found a rule, they plan to depart from it by putting people in unexpected situations and combinations. This theory led to an interesting show last week, for example, in which Otto Preminger discussed football with Howard Cosell who argued the Israeli side of current events while Maury Povitch was forced to defend the Arab stand.

The idea of a guest-host seems to be that of a direction-finder. The interpretation becomes all the more intriguing with the realization that this show is coming from Washington and, with any luck, may even *show* Washington. Aware that even the most illustrious names can become boring to the mistreated and jaded media audience, there are plans to include co-hosts such as doctors, taxi-drivers, housewives and businessmen. Even the most esoteric of possible "Man on the Street" choices has already been interviewed in books, articles, advertisments and television. But it may be a new experience to see the much-interviewed doing the probing themselves. Everyone has a favorite druggist, neighbor, newspaper boy or classmate that they would love to see questioning — with a little imagination and not-too-much quaintness — leading figures.

In a sense, this new philosophy of guest-hosts has affected the interpretation of the role of the guest-guest. Jane Caper, for instance,

believes that interesting people *are* interesting people. Rather than show them to the viewers for a 12-minute, show-and-tell sort of presentation which limited them, at best, to a synopsis of their fields, she prefers having fewer guests on for longer periods of time. She hopes to encourage them to speak on other areas of interest. Imagine any of the aforementioned co-hosts with any of the following scheduled guests: Julie Nixon Eisenhower, Linda Lovelace, Hugh Downs, and Jane Fonda.

The subjects covered on *Panorama* seem to have become acutely political. This may be more of a symptom of the last few months, however, rather than a new dedication on the part of the producer to the primarily political, although one can expect to hear more from politically-active minority groups than in the past. Her perceptions seem to tend toward the concept of community:

I want to present all points of view. . . . I've been talking to our legal council about what our problems are in doing a telethon for a whole day on Africare *(for the African Famine Relief) and getting money, because this whole area has only raised $118,000 to send down there. . . . Washington is 70% black and this should be the community that raises the most money in the country.*

This interest in informing a community about itself is valuable. But, as in all questions of immediate concern, there are always a multitude of necessary and interesting — but divergent — answers. Having to listen to them all becomes boring and self-defeating.

"Eventually, we are going to have nothing but guests; all the hosts will be gone."

Nevertheless, politics have not been the sole focus of the program. Of the arts, theatre has been the area most concentrated upon by Caper and Povitch:

Caper: *We do theater a lot: we did Jim Cronin and Jessica Tandy from Arena Stage.*

Povitch: *I would say one of the better shows we've had was David Steinberg, Cyril Ritchard and Larry Kirk, all on for an hour and fifteen minutes. Here's a very serious guy like Kirk, who was in* Two Gentlemen of Verona, *and Cyril Ritchard, who is playing in* No, No, Nanette, *and David Steinberg, who has done political satire. I could have gone on with that for two days!*

This, of course, reveals an emphasis on the "established arts" which frequently becomes confused; an interest in "star personalities," rather than the arts or artists.

In the music world, though, *Panorama* has been more ambitious, presenting artists who, though well-known now, were not showcased because of superstar status.

Povitch: *Musically, we do a lot: Fat City, Country Gentlemen, Roberta Flack. . .*

Caper: *A lot of people have really started here. I'm always looking for new talent. . . . We were highly criticized for doing Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show.*

The problems involved in juggling the stimulus-response format seem to be well on their way to a successful reevaluation of host/guest/subject-matter relationship.

Although Povitch is a little wary, and feels that "Eventually, we're going to have nothing but guests, all the hosts will be gone. . . and there'll be nothing but the computer." Having eliminated the hosts, the guests and the computer, all that will be left will be the viewer. Who will this lonely viewer be, with nothing to watch? For that matter, who is watching the show now? Who can watch daytime television? I don't know. Since the new *Panorama* format has gone into action, the audience has apparently changed considerably from middle-class, middle-aged housewives to. . . to other people. No statistics are available, but as the rating period progresses, a clearer picture should reveal itself. The fact that a certain number of media people and politicians have been keeping an eye on *Panorama* is definite. When the discussions become intense, many call the show and argue with guests or host on telephone, on the air.

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You may have received an impression of a primarily forward-looking momentum. Most of *Panorama* is yet to come, and where it may go bears watching. There is some talk of syndication, and the producer adds,

I can't understand why a network hasn't brought a show out of Washington. It seems to me that it would be the most natural thing in the world to have a show come out of the Nation's Capital: every important person in the country, as far as politics are concerned, are often here. The access you get is so beautiful: it's so close to New York that people can buzz down in the morning and be on the show. As far as my idea. . . it would go on remote and do a whole show from on the Lincoln Memorial or the Reflecting Pool, some spot in Washington. . . . The people out in the MidWest haven't the opportunity to see, so they'd not only get a glimpse from the news, but get a good view of Washington, too.

As far as I'm concerned, I've enjoyed seeing the last months' shows and I'm looking forward to seeing what the new *Panorama* can do with Washington and with Washington viewers before it takes on the rest of the country. However, I still haven't lost the anxious feeling that somewhere else, Phil is crawling back from VietNam, Tara is pregnant again, Jeff may hang, and I think Erica has a brain tumor or something.

Woodwind
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VOLUME V, NUMBER 2

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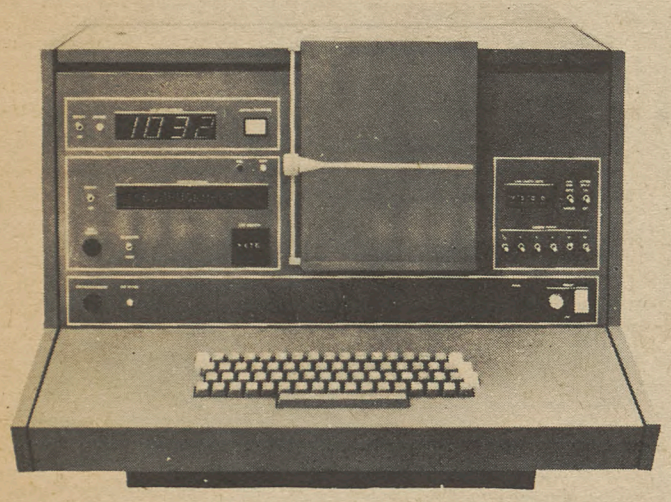

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IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD

Edited by Clover Holcomb

HI-DI-HO: Cab Calloway and Barbara McNair will star in *Pajama Game*, a play about the consequences of a demand for 7½ cent raise by the workers in a pajama factory. October 25, 26 at 8:00 pm; October 27 at 2:00 pm. At the Opera House of the Kennedy Center.

23rd NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF PRINTS: The exhibition will include photographs as sources of imagery or as objects incorporated into the prints. Also, a certain amount of fantasy interpretation and the use of calligraphic and typographic techniques. The showing will run through November 23rd at the NCFA on 9th Street, between F & G Streets, N.W.

COMMUNITY EXPRESSION: Claudia DeMonte is creating a community art work to be exhibited at a later date. If you would like to contribute, send in any small object — natural or human-made — to her at the Art Department of the University of Maryland, in College Park, Md.

FREE MEDITATION: Conducted by Sri Chinmoy, Spiritual Director of the United Nations meditation group. October 17th at the All Souls Unitarian Church, 16th & Harvard Sts. 7:30

SUNSEED: A new film about teachers and guides of the consciousness-raising religions. Director Frederick Cohen portrays some of the men responsible for the phenomenon of popularity of Eastern Religions: "We would undertake a spiritual pilgrimage to the East before filming the American scene. For in order to understand what is new here in America, one must first understand what is very, very old in India and the East. We wanted the film to be transparent, with little, if any, editorializing. . . . this would be far more effective than the kind of third-person droning usually found in documentary type films. [This is] a non-linear documentary *sans* narration." Sundays, at noon, at the Janus Theatre. Through Oct. 28th.

JAZZ CONCERT AND JAM: This is a series which may require a little long-range planning on your part. The concerts will feature a re examination of early jazz by modern musicians. Each concert will be preceded by a free workshop conducted by the artists themselves. Already scheduled are pianist Earl (Fathah) Hines, vibraphonist Lionel Hampton, the Cecil Taylor Unit and Horace Silverman. Every third Sunday, October 21 through May 18th, 8:00 pm in the Baird Auditorium of the Museum of Natural History. For concert dates, call (202) 381-5395

ULTRAMARATHON, SUPERMARATHON, JOG: Run in the International Two Bridges Race from the Washington Monument to Mt Vernon and back to the Jefferson Memorial (36 miles!!) on October 20th. Or, lope in the supermarathon from the Monument to the Capitol, then back to the Lincoln Memorial, over the bridges to and from Virginia, around Haines Point, past the Jefferson Memorial to the Monument (26.2 miles!). Or jog in the Reflecting Pool Race (2 miles?), October 21st.

PLAYWRIGHTS: Audrey Wood is the agent for writers including Tennessee Williams, Arthur Kopit and Gerry Carrol. She is accepting original, unproduced scripts for the Fourth Annual Audrey Wood Award. The winner will receive $500 and production of his or her play at American University. The author will retain all production and publication rights of the play. Entrants should send duplicate copies of their script (one script per contestant, please), along with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Kenneth Baker, Department of Performing Arts, American University, Washington, D.C. 20016. Deadline is December 15th.

GIVE AN ACTOR A HOME: If you would like to have an actor or dancer stay with you for four or five days while they are performing in the area, Theater Project has some available for temporary adoption. Call Nancy at (301) 539-3090.

"Oh, America, I Now Can Say Your Name"

By Ruth Stenstrom

Following the Indochina Peace Campaign for most of its two-day visit in Washington, I began to realize that the real stars of the show were not Jane Fonda or Tom Hayden. No, the real stars weren't even in the room. Rather, they were thousands of miles away, still struggling in that corner of the world called Viet Nam.

Jane Fonda, the Academy Award-winning actress, minimizing her "*Barbarella*-past," chooses not to relate to people as an artist, but, instead, as a concerned human being; a latecomer to the anti-war movement reaching out to others whom she feels only need exposure to the facts to be convinced.

No ego-trips, no hard sell, just an attempt to put a face on a people for whom "peace" means an insecure, self-serving police state. Jane presents a slide-show which examines the deterioration of VietNamese culture and its replacement with American brand-names and values.

Hitting 28 cities in 30 days, the I.P.C. is mainly an attempt to re-educate, to clarify the situation in VietNam in the face of all the U.S. coverups.

The cast of six dramatizes the plight of the 200,000 VietNamese who remain in prison and others who are being arrested daily.

It is a collage in pictures and in song, in eyewitness accounts. The I.P.C. has gone. The mages remain. . .

A slide of the prostitutes in VietNam, a billboard advertising nose and eye jobs done by a former A.I.D. doctor so that the VietNamese woman can look more like Americans.

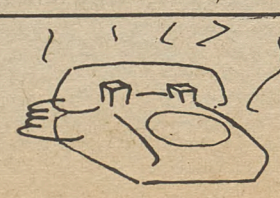
Jean Pierre Debris, a French teacher who was imprisoned in Saigon for 2 years for distributing peace literature, describes the different tortures used in the South VietNamese prisons on the men, women and children who are called political prisoners. Two hundred thousand people — a majority of them neutral in the war between Thieu and the NLF. Two hundred thousand victims of repression and extermination, disease, inadequate food, tiger cages. Two hundred thousand citizens who should have been released 90 days after the signing of the Paris Peace Agreements.

Holly Near sings of the strength of these peole. "Come and smile with me/It helps to make the days seem less like years/Come and smile with me/Smile beneath your tears."

Bob Chenoweth, a former POW, for five years held captive, describes his experience. He made anti-war statements. He was not tortured. He heard of no U.S. POW's being tortured. He was well-treated according to VietNamese standards. He asks that the Peace Agreement which allowed for his release be respected by the U.S. That the U.S. government stop funding the police and prison system in South VietNam (in violation of the treaty). And that we pressure the Thieu regime to release the political prisoners.

A hospital bracelet. Red. Fifty cents. Mine says "Nguyen huy Diem, Student, arrested January 4, 1971." Letters to him may help save his life. Letters to Congress about the political prisoners will help to cut off funds to Thieu.

Tiger cages built by American firms; handcuffs made by Smith & Wesson; a U.S. computer system firm, with $400,000 this year from Food for Peace, designing an ID program for 11.5 million citizens of South VietNam. A computer will have complete intelligence information about them by 1975. A police force that has increased tenfold with U.S.A.I.D. to 120,000 since 1964. Over 500 prisons, funded by the U.S. Office of Public Safety.



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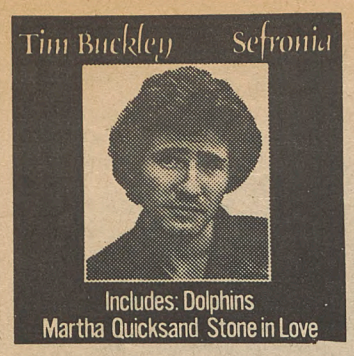
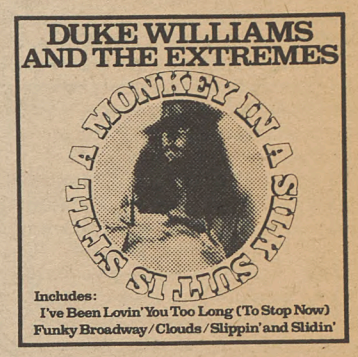



DUKE WILLIAMS
AND THE EXTREMES
SUIT IS A MONKEY IN A
Includes:
I've Been Lovin' You Too Long (To Stop Now)
Funky Broadway/Clouds/Slippin' and Slidin'

Gee, Toto, I Don't Think We're In Kansas Anymore

About a year ago, our phone rang and it turned out to be some people from WGTB-FM. "We wonder if we could do a broadcast from your window on Halloween," they said. "We want to find a place to watch the strange people in Georgetown on Halloween night, and yours is the strangest place we know of."

From those humble beginnings grew the First Annual Orpheus Halloween Party, Record Sale and Electro-acoustic Debauch. To raise the strangeness quotient, we had a sale for anyone who came down in full costume. For lubrication we added our water cooler, which we filled with hot and cold running cider. (After about an hour, the cooler freaked out and started turning the stuff green—not too far out for Halloween, or maybe St Patrick's Day, but disconcerting nonetheless so we switched back to gallon jugs.) For tradition, we tossed in a couple of sacks of the stomach-rottingest, plastickiest candy we could find, and of course, 'GTB broadcast the whole amazing debacle, holding interviews with street people, straight people, everyone but maybe the yttrium bicarbonate people of Rigel IX. (In fact, there was a thump on the roof at about 11:15, but nobody was mobile enough by that time to check it out.)

* * * * *

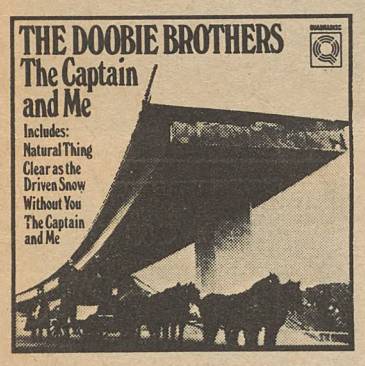
Chapter 2 begins with the Warner Brothers record people finding out about it—maybe they saw the red glow in the sky—and asking if they could play, too. So this year we're gonna let 'em. All these albums whose pictures are scattered around the page will be on sale for only **$3.33** if you're in full costume (a mask does not a costume make, unless maybe youhave the original, dead-white contact lenses from **Diabolique**), and the person well, life-form with the best costume wins a stack of new releases from Warner Brothers, Reprise, Capricorn and Chrysalis. Ol' WGTB-FM will be there again, to be sure, and you never know what they are going to do, and then there'll be lots more cider, much worse candy, even a pile of free pumpkins (Christ, what are we getting into)

* * * * *

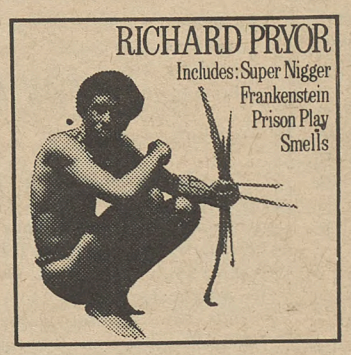
The thing (well, what would **you** call it) will run (or fly, or wobble) from 8:00 pm to midnight on Halloween night, just like the last one did (that's Wednesday, October 31st, Official State Weekends notwithstanding) and if you don't know where Orpheus Discount Records is by now, you just weren't listening hard enough when the first affair (that doesn't describe it very well, either) was going on. But we're a forgiving lot, so our address is 3225 M Street, right there in mystical Georgetown. (Yes, we have another store, but who wants to go to a party on lower Connecticut Avenue)

P.S. If this seems like a slicko description of a mere record sale with trimmings, you just don't know the Orpheoids very well. This is going to be a full-tilt, hard-core, uhh. . . (Dammit, we **still** don't know what to call it.)

P.P.S. BOO!



For Health's Sake Roller Skate



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film

Women's Internat'l Film Fest. — retrospect.

By Ruth Stenstrom

Well, it's over and my eyes are beginning to adjust to the daylight again. Having seen a majority of the 53 films in the two-week festival that was co-sponsored by the Women's Center and the Janus Theatre, I can now take a breath and try to synthesize the whole experience, because above all, the films were a living, real encounter and — in some instances — a confrontation.

For me, the high point of the festival was the audience-packed benefit night at which the two co-directors of Women Make Movies and the Chelsea Picture Station presented short films made by neighborhood women in their New York workshop. Two of their own works, *Sweet Bananas* (Ariel Daugherty) and *Women's Happytime Commune* (Sheila Paige) were also shown. Operating on a $9,000 budget from the N.Y. State Council of the Arts, Ariel and Sheila have proven that good, intelligent films can be made on a shoe-string budget, *i.e.* not the "$250,000 low-budget" of the Hollywood Studio, but a $200 to $5,000 budget (which was what *Commune* cost).

Their work also demystifies the presumption that a certain quality of male-dominated professionalism or technical ability is a necessary prerequisite for making a film. The filmmakers at Chelsea Picture STation are housewives, welfare mothers, students and grandmothers — generally women who are having their first experience working with 16 mm film. Chelsea is a multi-racial neighborhood in a loft and warehouse area north of the Village in New York City. Ariel and Sheila started the open-workshop a year ago, using equipment on loan from the N.Y. State Council of the Arts and meeting in a rent-free space in a community church. Chelsea Picture STation has also produced video-tapes and a radio show, *Ghetto Goddess*, which is being aired locally on "Sophie's Parlor" on WGTB.

The short films which have come out of the workshop generally make strong statements based on the real-life situations of the film-makers. *Fear*, for example, deals with the harrassment of a young woman by construction workers and her confrontation with a rapist. It received a rousing response from the audience when the woman grapped the man's gun, shot him in the leg and chased after him until he was caught.

Sheila has noticed that working-class women have less difficulty in expressing strong feelings and statements through films. Such is the case of a young Puerto Rican housewife in *Domestic Tranquility* whose household responsibilities and children keep her from her painting. Technically, these films have their rough edges, but they counter the sterile, glossy, Hollywood product with their ability to engage an audience in real human issues.

And both the documentary *Sweet Bananas* and *Women's Happytime Commune* are a delight. *Bananas* takes a look at the life-styles of several young women. They encounter two shiftless hippies out of gas on the road somewhere in the suburban country, where they are all reluctantly taken in by a housewife for a weekend of free-community-type fun. The film explores the barriers which shut women off from each other. And underneath the humor of osme outrageous sequences, there is the chord of realization that the people on that screen could just as easily be me and how would I react to these people in my life?

Happytime Commune is reminiscent of Warhol's *Lonesome Cowboys*, but from a feminist viewpoint, with enough humor to keep the audience in stitches and enough sense about it to deal with the issue of alternative life-styles. Purportedly the first all-female Western, teh film is a fictional account of one pioneer women's attempt to recruit six others for an all-woman commune. The characters are indescribably unique, absurd, and real as they confront each other with their dreams, aspirations and criticisms of the pistol-packin' momma's plan for a corn-growing commune.

More information about the Women Make Movies group can be obtained by writing them at 107 West 26th St., NYC 10001.

On to the rest of the festival. . .

One of the planners of the program told me that originally, when people were discussing which films to show, they were thinking in terms of Marilyn Monroe pictures or Judy Garland in *A Star Is Born*. But, as discussions progressed, a consensus was reached that the festival should give exposure to new women's films — many of which had never been seen before in the United STates.

So, in many cases, the audience was being asked to take a risk to see films which have not had the chance to be tested for their popularity on the commercial screen.

For the most part, I was not disappointed, although I've encountered several spirited arguments pro-and-con about what I consider to be one of ths most visually exciting films I've ever seen, *Fruits of Paradise*, a Czechoslovakian film by Vera Chytilova. I was literally entranced by the combination of concert orchestration and mass with the most stunning imagery, evoking a modern-day parable of the Garden of Eden-loss of innocence myth.

Less controversial and more universally commended was the Canadian production of *Dream Life* by Mirielle Dansereau. Plagued by technical difficulties in its first showing here, the Janus Theatre promises to bring it back for a longer run. The film explores the sexual fantasies and relationships of two young, teenage women. To many viewers, it is the woman's answer to *Last Tango in Paris* as well as to the many films about a young boy's first sexual encounter. Light-hearted and unpretentious, the film takes to task the "Dream Man" image, while showing the abilities of women to deal with disillusionment in love.

The most vivid expression of the oppression of women was seen in *Schmeerguntz*, described in the program notes as "One long, raucous belch in the face of the American home." This short feature, through a series of montages, exposes all of the shit-work and drudgery that envelopes a housewife, along with the unglamorous aspects of pregnancy, contrasted with Miss America in tears and make-up. It is so vivid that it illicited several "yukhs!!" from the audience (almost all, notably, from men). It is a 15 minute education into the unromantic part of "happy everafter."

Another exploration into the role of the American house-person was the U.S. premiere of *Womanhouse*, a film about a collective women's arts project. Led by Judy Chicago and Miriam Shapiro, the group created a total art environment in a California home, representing various aspects of women's roles. The film was interspersed with interviews and skits by artists in the group. The most poignant was one woman's interpretation of "Waiting." Starting out as a baby in the womb waiting to be born; to a child rocking, waiting to walk, talk, live and love; as a woman waiting for a child and then for the children to leave home; and ending as an old woman rocking, waiting to die — the sketch clearly brings meaning to all of life's unfulfilled expectations.

Taken as an entity, the Women's Film Festival, on one level, was a statement by women about their sexuality or sex roles. But, on another level, it was a manifestation of the myriad abilities of women filmmakers. I was impressed by the overall high-quality of the films, technically and content-wise.

Hopefully, some of these films will be given commercial runs.

But above all, a note of thanks to the people who gave us this year's extraordinary festival and a note of hope that they will have the energy to give us more of the same next year.

performance

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE
The Hayloft Theatre

Butterflies Are Free opened four years ago on Broadway and proved to be the hit of that season, introducing the lovely Blythe Danner to New York audiences. Washington's professional dinner theater, The Hayloft, premiered a competent and attractive, new production of this romantic comedy written by Leonard Gershe, last week, with Maureen O'Sullivan as guest star.

Although several of the one-liners and references are already somewhat dated, the script here is basically as bright and alive as it was when *Butterflies* was first produced. Gershe's play succeeds because it depicts people, rather than events. The show covers a single day in the life of Don Baker, a blind man, who is in the process of freeing himself from the protective and confining grip of his mother. A vapid, but affectionate, girl, Jill Tanner (played by Verity Elms) moves into the apartment next door and compels mother and son to confront each other, as well as being pushed into dealing with herself.

Butterflies is warm, open, and positive. It is the perfect type of show for an intimate dinner theater such as The Hayloft. Frank Matthews, owner of the theater, has secured a professional and attractive cast for this production. He is also using this show to introduce his policy of bringing in a well-known star as a feature of each production.

Matthews' choice for this show, Maureen O'Sullivan, could hardly have been a better one. Last seen in Washington at the National in *No Sex, Please, We're British*, Miss O'Sullivan captured the audience from the moment she made her entrance at the end of the first act. Although she may be better known to some as Johnny Weissmuller's Jane, Hayloft audiences will remember her as an overprotective mother, so well does she fill her role.

Bruce Detrick is featured as Don Baker. This is his second appearance in this role, having also performed with Joan Bennett in Florida. Detrick handles his role in a competent fashion and makes his character's blindness believable. Local audiences may have seen him recently on TV as Prince Charming in the production of *Cinderella*.

With the start of this new season, The Hayloft Theatre remains the only dinner theatre that I can unconditionally recommend to audiences in this area. Chef Georges Richa's extensive and delectible gourmet buffet and the attractive and very comfortable theatre provide a perfect complement for a good show and a night out on the town.

S.D.

FULL CIRCLE
Eisenhower Theater, JFKC

By Steve Dick

Otto Preminger is going "Full Circle" with his new production of Erich Maria Remarque's only play, now having its pre-Broadway tryout here, through October 27. This production represents Preminger's first work in the theater for over a decade.

Full Circle is being presented on the stage for the first time since its original production in 1956 in Remarque's native Germany, where it was entitled *The Last Station*.

Remarque, better known for his classic novel *All Quiet on the Western Front*, plays out his drama of men and morals in a dingy, third-floor flat in Berlin during those climactic 24 hours in 1945, as the Russians were advancing on the Nazi capital.

Leonard Nimoy and Swedish actress Bibi Andersson are preparing for their Broadway debut in the lead roles of this production. Preminger is purported to have selected Nimoy for the lead male role of an escaped prisoner because "He is one of the few actors who looks unhealthy enough to have just come out of a prison camp."

Two major conflicts are the threads that hold the fabric of this melodrama together. On the surface, the battle between the oppressor and the oppressed is played out during the few hours which the play covers. Below the surface, however, we see the clash between survival — represented by Anna (Bibbi Andersson) — and man's humanity — represented by Rhode (Leonard Nimoy).

Rhode makes his way to Anna's flat in the beginning of the first act, after having escaped his captors at the zoo in Berlin. Gestapo Group Leader Schmidt (Josef Sommer) and several of his agents come to Anna's apartment searching for the escapee. Rhode takes on the identity of a German soldier and is compelled to witness the forced suicide of a fellow prisoner (James Tolkan) to protect his own cover.

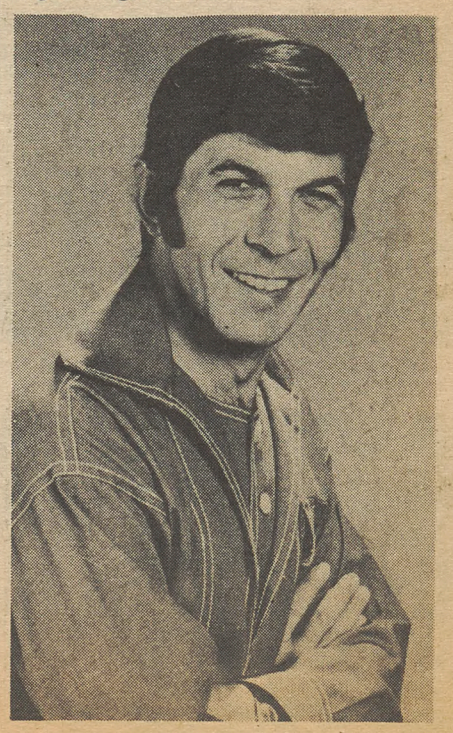
As the second act opens, the occupation of the neighborhood by the Russians has become even more imminent. Schmidt returns, in civilian dress, to await their arrival after having stolen the identification papers of the Jewish suicide. At gunpoint, Rhode and Anna also wait for the Russians, Rhode still in his German uniform.

The Russian liberators arrive and their captain (David Ackroyd) attempts to determine which is the prisoner and which, the captor. In the present version, the circle becomes full as the fugitive finds himself a prisoner again, this time under the Russians.

Preminger has been making changes in the script and in the blocking from the beginning to the present. He was still making changes the day after the Washington premiere. A final scene, written by Remarque — which gives more humanity to the Russian captain and has him bring Rhode back from a Russian "training camp" — had been cut by the opening performance. Perhaps that scene will have been added again by the time this review is printed.

Robin Wagner, scene designer, has created a marvelous curtain raiser which sets both the mood and environment for this play very quickly. Searchlights, sirens, and a curtain construction which resembles a prison wall attack the audience with sight and sound. The effect reminds one of those haunted-house rides we all visited as children at the fair.

Full Circle is worth seeing for the actor, alone. Nimoy and especially Miss Andersson find much in their parts to develop, and the supporting cast backs them up completely. For a melodrama, this show is well written: it compels the audience to consider its messages, but probably has nowhere near the impact it must have had in 1956 Germany. *Full Circle* is no classic and will probably not be remembered past this season, but it does provide an excellent showcase for its actors and a diverting evening as well.



WHOEVER SHE IS. . .

By Bonnie Newlon

During our brief walk to lunch, Cathy Irwin acquainted me with a few of the many facets of her life. A great part of it, or perhaps she would say all of it, is related to the Women's Movement. As the administrator of an abortion clinic (The Summit Medical Center, 2311 M Street, N.W.), her career activities are oriented toward providing a service to women. Her home life is one of love, compromise, adjustment, and patience as she and her husband live the process of creating a full partnership. The National Organization for Women (N.O.W.) also shares in her personal fulfillment. Last year, she served as the President of the D.C. Chapter; this year, she is both a National Board member and the local chapter's public relations officer.

"Betty Friedan's book (*The Feminine Mystique*, 1963) started it all. She was the force behind the reawakening," Cathy explained. In June 1966, hundreds of women conferred in Washington, D.C., with the President's Commission on the Status of Women. Among these, Friedan and 15 other women felt that although the Commission would be a positive force, "it wouldn't be able to change anything. They thought that a national organization was needed. The statement of purpose was written on a napkin at lunch. they wanted it to be 'for' women, not 'of' women. That napkin got lost somewhere during the years; it would be so great to have it now.

"Up until four years ago, the organization was informal. Now we have four national offices." There are two in Chicago — one to do all the national printing and another for the executive offices. An information office is in New York, and the Women's Lobby is in the Press Building here.

There are hundreds of local chapters across the country. Each year, they send representatives to a regional conference where a regional director is elected. The regional directors and other elected national officers make up the national executive committee. During the yearly national conference, to which all members may come, the policies and strategies for the coming year are formulated and the national officers and a board are elected. During the year, the national executive committee meets regularly to steer the internal structure and the external action of the organizaton.

A basic strategy is the creation of a task force to work on a particular problem; there are 15 of these tasks forces in existence at the moment. Some of the issues that they cover include:

- •ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment
- •equal employment opportunities
- •reorientation of the educational system
- •developmental child care
- •control of the individual over her reproductive life
- •women in poverty
- •women and religion
- •the image of women in the mass media.

Each chapter assigns a member to work with the national task force and organize activities in her hometown area. "Being the director of a task force is one of the hardest jobs in the organization; you're busy all the time receiving information from local chapters and sending more out. If your task force is an active one, you work constantly. One of the newest is "nurses"; there's discrimination in that field,' Cathy explained.

Local chapters may also designate task forces on local issues. For instance, the D.C. Chapter has designated a task force to lobby the D.C. Council on passage of Title 34, the D.C. Human Relations Bill, which would outlaw discrimination against individuals because of race, color, religion, national origin, sex, age, marital status, personal appearance, sexual orientation, family responsibility, matriculation, political affiliation, place of residence or business, physical handicap, or source of income.

I asked Cathy about the participation of specific groups in NOW — that is, lesbians, men, and women in poverty.

"NOW has an official stand promoting the individual right of sexual preference. As feminists and humanists, it's our responsibility to deal with this issue on a social and legislative level. There's a national task force on sexuality and lesbianism, whose membership is composed of all interested. The D.C. Chapter has a powerful lesbian caucus. We, as a chapter, have lobbied for Title 34. It's an emotional issue. Some women see sexual preference as a political issue — are they sleeping with the oppressor?

"We have male members of NOW. This is a ticklish question. Would the organization work if it were 50% men? Would we have women in decision-making capacities? The men who have joined NOW are sensitive to this. We feel that by doing things ourselves, for ourselves, we learn how to do them.

"Some people complain that NOW is a white, middle-class organization. To say this is to say that these women aren't oppressed. People are saying, 'You're not relevant.' But NOW is concerned with women from all diverse backgrounds — gays, those who live in poverty, the rich. Our focus this year is women in poverty. Nationals and locals have worked on legislation like minimum wage and child care. We're trying to show the poor that we're taking issue with those causes. We believe that if we are relevant to their needs, they'll come and join us. Locally, we've been leafleting areas where we haven't been getting members. Our meeting place is the All Souls Church at 16th and Harvard Streets, N.W. We've met with the minority women in the city in an out-reach program, trying to inform them of what we're doing. There's real excitement happening how — they're finding that they're oppressed because they're women. They desire to be part of the changes. We have women of all ages and backgrounds who come to our meetings. One little girl, 9, comes every time. She's really going to be something when whe grows up. . .

"The D.C. Chapter has a general meeting on the second Saturday of each month. We usually spend about an hour or so going over the announcements of feminist happenings in the area. Then we have a program — a speaker, film, or whatever. Afterwards, we all go downstairs and have lunch together. We also have business meetings once a month for planning strategies and giving reports."

NOW is a supporting-organization affiliated with the Women's Center at 1736 R Street, N.W., and has its local office at that address. It is apolitical because it's a non-profit organization. Cathy urges anyone who wishes to join to call the local office at (202) 387-6895. You'll receive a newsletter by mail, and, she adds, "Come see the group. We have scholarships for those who can't afford the dues, too."

There seems to be something universal about the Women's Movement in that at least one of its many aspects appeals to every woman. As Cathy repeated to me that warm autumn afternoon, "Scratch the surface of every woman and you'll find a feminist."

[Our apologies to Ms Gerri Traina of the Women's Center, whom we interviewed last issue. We regret the misspelling of her name.]

fiction

FEEDBACK FEED

By Peterson Ghent

The Artist, as he deemed to call himself, was not in an inspired mood. And he hadn't been for some time. Not that any bills had to be paid or anything, not since he'd invented the new mode. But it was a vague desire for self-discipline that drove him now. Besides, he thought, creativity could and should be forced, sometimes.

He lay into the special lounge chair, pushing it into a full recline position, reached to flick on the four-track recorder — two for eyes, two for ears — and the two amplifying systems — one for the set of photomultiplied color vidicons, one for the *micro*microphones. A guage showed a misalignment, but a turn of a know brought it back to zero.

He sighed, took one last look around his studio/livingroom, reached to pull the head-covering "visor" up from behind the chair. The *micro*microphones plugged deep into each ear, almost to the tympanum. Uncomfortable, yes, and they tickled, too, but it wasn't nearly as bad as the contact vidicons; improvements are needed. The vidicons eased down to his firmly placed head and, eyes open wide, he eased the self-cleaning contacting lens up against each cornea.

Cold Feet. *Hmmm. . . could be an interesting title. Mind's not into this yet.* He relaxed a little more, very still. Moments passed, then, gradually, very distant at first, the scream; his old standby for inspiration welled up louder and louder in his mind until it reverberated across his skull bringing every neuron into laser coherence and phase. Chemicals associated with acute fear secreted from billions of fine nerve endings, consciousness expanded to withstand the self-imposed and implicit threat of the scream. The imagined noise level became more loud, unbearably so until the Artist almost sat up to release the scream through his real vocal chords. But as always finally happened, the peripheral sensory filters broke down and the powerful brain signal fed back down the auditory nerve, was translated into a mixture of sine function discharges, and spilled into the ear's network of bone and membrane which bounced in sympathy to the hallucinated screech. Air waves fed the *micro*microphones. The amplifiers amplified in stereo. The signal was recorded on magnetic tape.

The scream died and its corresponding phosphines coalesced into meaningful shapes in full color. His feet were still cold.

Feet. Cold Feet. Blue Feet. The images swirled down the optic nerve to pump the retinal cells in reverse. Blue feet, cold feet, were recorded in word and in picture.

Cold Feet. Rather acontextual just sitting there by itself. Poor people, maybe, who can't afford shoes. A social comment. A street scene with trash cans, broken windows, a scraggly dog and an old man sleeping on a stoop was recorded with the sound of a nearby elevated train. *Or maybe it could be a documentary on people with weak hearts or poor circulation.* A pause. Some thought below the level of hallucination pumped intensity.

Too dry, won't sell. . . hmmm. Cold Feet. Leftovers!

Wife turns to hungry husband in kitchen: 'Honey, all we have are leftovers for dinner, some mashed potatoes and these cold feet —"

"Cold feet!"

"You remember, those pigs' knuckles you wanted to try."

Pigs' knuckles. . . sounds more like cold hands.

Cold feet. . . fear? Too hack.

Frustration? The frustration of a bad day — at the office? No. . . no, on the way to the office. Imperfect images and sounds of a downtown alleyway were recorded. The scene sharpened onto a sedan several years old.

The engine cranked over slowly. Is it all that sludge in the crankcase or just a low battery? The Artist's thoughts became George's thoughts. Now to get back to that blasted freeway. Darned wife should take better care of her car. Linda can forget her shopping for today. I'll get my own car, or I'll really be late. He revved the engine, such as it was, and rolled from the alley that led to Bert's Automotive Fixitorium. Of all the days to try to get the car fixed: it always takes too long. Why can't Linda learn to change the oil once in a whle? At least it isn't shaking as bad as before, must be running on more cylinders.

A light changed and traffic moved faster A thudding, knocking noise came from the front of the car. Must be that one dead cylinder they said they couldn't fix today. Only a few blocks to the freeway, then two miles home.

George lumpily rolled up the access ramp and stood on the gas to meld into traffic. The transmission banged into low and the knocking got proportionately louder. Blam! Oil, or sludge, or something thick and black splattered across the right side of the windshield.

Well, at least the knocking stopped — and the engine, too. He coasted over to the shoulder, narrowly missing a swerving semi-trailer whose impending jack-knife was straightened out by a telephone pole now sheared off and left dangling by its wires. The careening truck disappeared around the bend as the car crunched to a stop.

8:45. . . hmmm.

A yellow sedan pulled up behind. An unmarked police car?

No, a kid with a goatee and long hair. Just what I need, he thought as he rolled the window up.

Tap. Tap. George looked out, feigning surprise.

"Can I help you, mister?" The boy looked sincere inspite of the hirsute plumage.

George opened the door, got out making his lips to look concerned."I doubt it. It sounded bad. Do you know anything about cars?"

"Sure do. Used to be my living. Let's take a look."

They opened the hood, both man and boy peered in. Heavy, thick, black sludge drained from a hole in the side of the engine. Neither saw the end of a connecting rod and part of a piston that stuck through.

"Well," said the boy. "Tell me the symptoms."

George did — as best he could. "A knocking — a knocking in the engine, then nothing."

"uh huh. . ." the boy mused while his fingers consulted his goatee, ". . . sounds like the carburetor to me."

[*Correct that tone*], *thought the Artist,* [*the kid's supposed to be a phony.*]

He reached in and twisted off the air cleaner, looked down into the carb. "I better get my tools. This might take a little work."

"Are you sure you know what you're doing?"

"Sure, sure. Don't sweat a thing, dad, we'll have her fixed in no time."

The boy returned with a sizeable tool chest. With a screwdriver and pliers he removed the upper part of the carb and frowningly scrutenized the delicate float assembly. "Looks okay. Hand me the half-inch open-end wrench there, will you?" He pointed. "We'll take the whole carb off and check a little deeper. Here, take this." He handed the float assembly to George to set out of the way. George set it down in the gravel and dust under the front bumper where it wouldn't be stepped on. In a minute, the rest of the carb was off.

"Nope," said the boy. "I guess the problem ain't here either."

Five of nine, thought George, how'm I going to make that meeting?

"We better check the distributor."

Out it came, too; an octopus with a lead wire.

"Look, are you sure you know what you're doing?"

"Absolutely, man. You know, you sweat it too much. We're working our way to the root of the problem. Here, take this and set down there by those carburetor parts. The problem's not the distributor, either."

"Well, I think the problem is in the engine itself, really — you know, in the 'block,' I think you call it."

"One thing at a time, dad, we'll get to the block soon. Maybe you got a bad manifold. It's rare — manifold failure, that is — but it's worth checking. Hand me that 9/16th socket."

Nine o'clock. "How's it coming?" asked George, the concern on his face growing deeper. "Have you found the problem?"

"I think we might have it this time. I just got this last bolt here. . . and then. . . there. Now we just gotta lift up. . .like. . . this. . . Umhh!" The manifold gaskets split with a pop as he peeled it away from the block. Hot water from the engine poured all over the place — mostly into the now-uncovered portion of the engine.

Hey!" yelled George, now on the verge of screaming doubts. "What in the —"

"Don't sweat it, Mac. I got spare water in my car." He looked over the manifold for whatever might be wrong with the single piece casting.

"But what about all the water in the oil? Won't tha —"

"Nah. It'll dry up as soon as you start the engine. By the way, your manifold's okay, too."

George started to lodge further protest, but the boy yelled, "Hey, there's your problem — two of the pushrods are missing. Here, take this manifold and set it down there on the ground where it'll be safe. Watch it, it's heavy."

The boy got down from under the hood and exchanged some tools. "Gotta take off the valve covers, see why the pushrods are gone. That banging noise you heard was probably just a bad rocker arm."

George looked down at the parts of his car in the dust.

"Yep! Yep, look at that." The boy wiggled two limp rocker arms around. "Was this the noise you heard just before the engine stopped?" He banged the rocker arms against the valve stems.

"I'm not sure," said George thoughtfully. "It sounded deeper — more solid, I think."

"Hmmm. Well, I think this was your problem. I'll just take these off and then we'll put it all back together and fire her up, okay?"

"Okay," said George. A glimmer of hope showed as he leaned over to get a closer look.

Nine-twenty. Cars rushed past, blowing little swirls of dust into the engine compartment. Off came the rockers, and into the dust they went with the rest of the engine parts.

"You know," said the boy, "since we got it down this far we might as well whip off the cylinder heads real quick, just to make sure everything's okay there, too."

"Are you sure it won't take long? I've got an important meeting in half an hour."

"Nah, only a minute."

He went to work on the heavy cylinder-head bolts, loosening them and spinning them out with fantastic dexterity.

George was impressed, "Yeah, I guess you do know what you're doing."

Nine thirty-five. The boy was pulling off the second cylinder head when he saw the broken connecting rod sticking out of the engine.

"Hey! There's the problem. You gotta broken rod."

George didn't say anything, just rubbed his

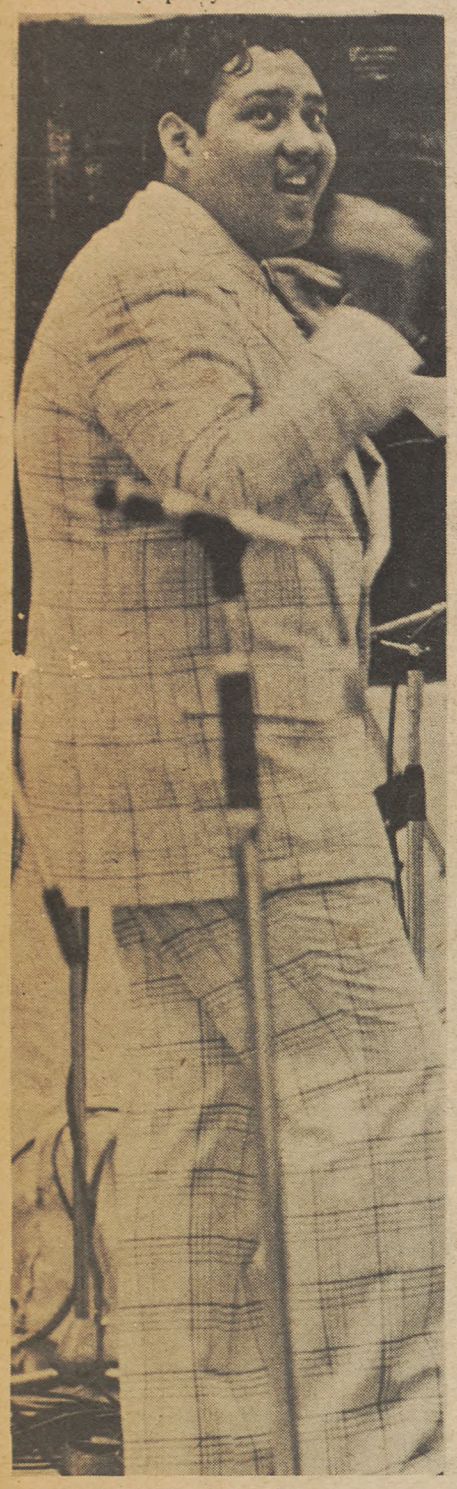
Cont. on Page 10

Guru Rock

By Garvin Walsh

The Gospel According to Guru Maharaj Ji is the inspiration for a new rock ensemble set to tour the United States later this month. The 15-year-old Perfect Master, leader of the Divine Light Mission, has stepped up his campaign to bring Peace to the world, his latest plans involving the assistance of his 20-year-old brother, Bhole Ji. The latter is the organizer and director of a 56-piece band called Blue Aquarius, the appearance of which will highlight a program of song, meditation, and official pronouncements to be presented in nine cities within the next three weeks.

The band, composed of devotees of the Guru, includes former members of The Bee Gees, The Foundations, The Soul Survivors, and Dando Shaft, as well as members of jazz bands and symphony orchestras.



Bhole Ji with Blue Aquarius.

Bhole Ji plays drums, sings, and acts as leader of the band. According to Larry Sutton, public relations officer for the Divine United Organization, the administrative arm of the Guru's Divine Light Mission, the band "can't get it together without Bhole Ji. When he walks into the room, he draws everything together to one point." Bhole Ji had never heard Western music until he came to America for the first time last year.

Blue Aquarius, which played to a crowd of 15,000 in London this July, premiered in the U.S. in Houston on September 30. Currently, the group is touring Southern states, playing to prison audiences. Beginning October 24 in Boston, the musical pilgrimage — to be called *Soul Rush* — will culminate with a three-day festival, called *Millenium '73*, at the Houston Astrodome on November 8, 9, and 10. The purpose of the festival is to provide an opportunity for the Guru to announce his practical program for world peace to all of America. *Soul Rush* will appear in Washington on October 28, at the Sylvan Theatre, at 2:00 pm. There will be no admission charge either at stops along the pilgrimage route or at the festival in Houston.

Plans for Blue Aquarius include an album to be released by Stax Records.

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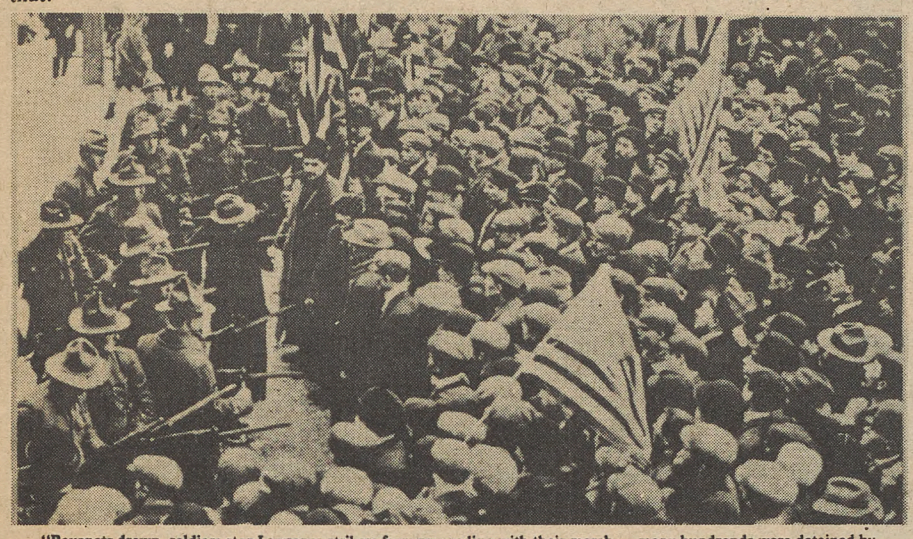
BOOKS

THE LABOR WARS
From the Molly Maguires to the Sit Downs
Sidney Lens, (Doubleday), 266 pp., $9.95, cloth

Sidney Lens is a prolific writer, but not a very good one, nor deep one. He seems incapable of handling more than two variables in any given equation, artificially reducing arguments to "either/or" terms. Because of this false simplification applied to history, *The Labor Wars* is not the book it might have been. As it is, it has only limited value and demands much reading between the lines to find even that.



"Bayonets drawn, soldiers stop Lawrence strikers from proceeding with their march. . .many hundrends were detained by police and troops, without any specific charges leveled against them." The Labor Wars

As the thesis of his book, Lens offers the idea that — excepting the Revolution of 1776 — the United States has never been as close to a revolution as it was during the 60-year period of 1877-1937; a period of violent confrontation between the forces of Capital and Labor. Lens tells the story in a rather unique style, combining Marxist rhetoric with Dickensian purple, with the result that the book is quite boring. Be that as it may, he starts the book with the "Molly Maguires," a group whose mere existence in the U.S. is questioned — and, to be fair, he presents this fact clearly. It is known that there was a determined effort on the part of the Irish immigrants during the latter part of the 19th Century, to better the quality of their lives and working conditions. It's known that most of these Irish were members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians (A.O.H.) which had fled British repression in Ireland. It is also known that many members of the A.O.H. were killed (murder, lynchings, "Due-process of law") by the Eastern mine owners who tried to quash this threat to their vested interest in the American economy. Although the names of the organizations of laborers changed throughout the six-decade scope of the book, the reader finds the same forces, Labor and Capital, involved in basically the same struggles at the General Motors plants in Michigan during the mid-30's. These automotive strikes were the first to use the sit-down as a means of winning a major labor battle.

Lens gives the facts pretty much as they are, with only slightly-purple emphasis, but the analyses he draws from these facts is something else again.

With even the most cursory glance at American history, it is obvious that Labor has not been treated as fairly as it might have been. And, given such instances as the struggles of the Migrant Farm Workers Union, it could be said that this is the case today. What is not clearly evident, however, is Lens' view that Management and Capital were (are) inherently corrupt and that they were (are) keeping the status of Labor artificially low solely because the capitalists are a mean bunch of sons-of-bitches.

Lens presents the reader with mini-portraits of the various leaders in the Labor Wars; those of Labor — Albert Parsons, Eugene V. Debs, Samuel Gompers, Walter Reuther, *et al.* — and those of Capital and Management — George M. Pullman, Andrew Carnegie, Henry Ford, William C. Durant, *et al.* While these vignettes have some value, they are not very objective because of Lens' simplistic analysis. It seems that Lens believes that most of the Labor leaders were good guys and — what else? — almost all of the capitalists were bad guys. White hats and black hats. He mentions the historical fact that the writings of Herbert Spencer had an effect on history and philosophy, but does not seem to feel that anyone could actually adopt Spencerian philosophy, could believe in a theory of "survival of the fittest" for any other reason and to any other end than the exploitation of labor.

It is the writer's lack of knowledge of the intellectual history of the U.S. that further confounds his analysis of the Labor Movement. As was stated above, Lens does not feel that *all* of the Labor leaders were good guys. Included with the black hats — although he permits an oscillation of character over a period of time — is the American Federation of Labor and its doyen, Samuel Gompers. Lens' is completely lacking in understanding of the role of 'elitism' in the development of this country. He doesn't seem to realize that the politics and constitution of the U.S. were forged by an elite group of moneyed aristocrats whose example has remained principal force in philosophy and ethics. He does not seem to be aware of the role 'leisure time' has played in the evolution of the social structure of the nation. Because of this, he finds Gompers guilty of an archconservatism that would reduce him to a cartoon of the lap dog of capital. He recognizes that the A.F.L. was organized as a federation of *trade* unions, but dismisses this purpose as invalid and incapable of dealing with *unskilled* labor, a problem that arose later, and entirely outside the intent of the A.F.L.

Lens states in his introduction that he feels *The Labor Wars* would be of special value to the activists of today, providing an example of a "revolutionary" movement that succeeded. This is partially true in that the book chronicles the basic motives and methods of Labor in attaining its ends, and gives the book what worth it has. But — and this is something that has distinctly negative-value — the book too heavily relies upon artificially cleanly cut distinctions of good and evil, white hats and black hats. He has no room for those who wear hats for reasons other than identification, or don't wear hats at all.

J.B.

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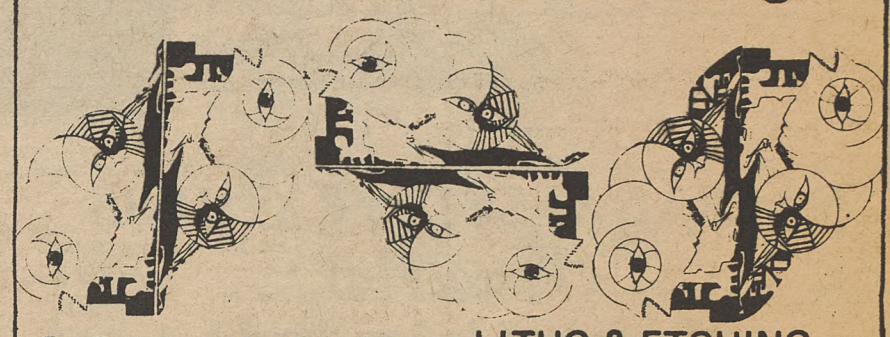

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records

by Bruce Rosenstein

GLUGGO
Spencer Davis Group — (Vertigo)

The return of the Spencer Davis Group wasn't expected to cause hysteria. In fact, most people would greet the news with a yawn, or a "Who's Spencer Davis?" To answer that question, he's the guy who gave the world young Stevie Winwood seven years ago, as part of the Spencer Dvis Group, which had big hits with "Gimme Some Lovin'" and "I'm a Man." They hung on for a while after Stevie formed Traffic, but eventually gave up. Organist Eddie Hardin and drummer Pete York made a couple of albums together, and Davis did a couple of acoustic LP's for United Artists which didn't cause much excitement.

The failure of these ventures had to be the main reason for the boys getting back together and giving another chance to a once-winning combination, but the music is a lot better than what you might expect. Obviously, Stevie isn't with them, nor is his older brother Muff, who played bass. (He's now producing our friends the Sutherland Brothers & Quiver.) The others are back, though, and the result is an admirable rock album.

There are a few first class rock'n'rollers. "Catch You on the Rebop," "Tumble Down Tenament Row," and "Feeling Rude"; a nice soft-rocker, "Don't You Let It Bring You Down"; and a good, yet somehow not-getting-anywhere instrumental, "Today Gluggo, Tomorrow the World." The only loser is the traditional blues "Trouble in Mind." When this band is on, which is most of the time, they're all right with me.

The packaging is clever, a take-off on the skin-cream ads you see in the back of magazines, and the name of their product is, of course, Gluggo. This may not be the comeback of the year, but it's a good start for a new-old group.

EXPLOSIVES
Sonics — (Buckshot)

Straight ahead rock is still trying to come back into public favor, but somehow the variations always win out. The simple, no frills stuff has always been with us, but is seems that things haven't been the same since 1966. Of these four albums, three have roots in that era, and one *is* from that era.

The Sonics were a mid-60's punk-rock band from Washington state who recorded a couple of locally-distributed albums. Consequently, their popularity didn't extend beyond the Northwest. *Explosives* is a "best of" album compiled by West Coast rock writer Mark Shipper for his own label. Big Star features lead singer Alex Chilton, who was the head of the great pop-rockers, The Box Tops. Big Star's LP is now exactly one year old, and it still hasn't received popular recognition. The Capital City Rockets have as their lead singer Jamie Lyons, who held the same position for the Music Explosion, known for their 1967 classic, "Little Bit O' Soul." Blue Ash has no name performers, but they may just be the best of the bunch.

Blue Ash, like the Capital City Rockets, hails from Ohio and there has to be some connection between their home ground and the drive and fierceness of their music. They've got great original material, comprising a synthesis of Beatles, Byrds, and The Who. Best songs: "Plain to See," "Here We Go Again," "All I Want," and "I Remember a Time." Why a hit single hasn't come out of this yet I'll never know. Highly recommended.

The Capital City Rockets have their roots more in Music Explosion-type punk than in the Beatles or Byrds. They're still rude, but they're a lot more refined than what went down in 1966. *How* they're playing is more important that *what* they're playing, because this material isn't all that great. Good guitar work by Robert Hill and Michael Warner, and suitably punky vocals by Lyons who was only 18 at the time of "Little Bit O' Soul" and therefore sounds a lot different six years later. Check out "Ten Hole Dollars," "Little Bit O' Fun," and "My Orange Tie."

Big Star is by far the most varied of these groups. Chilton is the best vocalist of the lot, and the Capital City Rockets could not have come up with Big Star's material in their wildest dreams. The difference in this and the other albums is that this has been out a whole year and I've been playing it the whole time without getting tired of it. I can't say how well Blue Ash or the Capital City Rockets will hold up a year from now. The best song here is a slow one, "The Ballad of El Goodo," with "My Life Is Right," "Feel," and "When My Baby's Beside Me" not far behind. *#1 Record* is a mid-60's-based LP without hard rock at the core. It's very good, and it's not too late to check it out.

The Sonics were a fire-breathing bunch, loved for their lack of class. *Explosives* has some good early-Kinks- and Stones-like songs, and if you're really into punk-rock, and love the *Nuggets* album, I'm sure you'd like this one. Shipper's long, detailed liner notes are marvelous. *Explosives* is available from Mark for $5.00. Write to P.O. Box DH, Panorama City, CA 91402.

All of these albums have the kind of vibrant, youthful, rock'n'roll sound that has been missing from too many home and radio station turntables for too long. Blue Ash or Big Star would probably be your best bets, but if you get one, I'll bet you finally get them all. B.R.

STILL
Pete Sinfield — (Manticore)

© 1973. Abnorml Media

Reviewed by Michael Hogan

After spending several weeks sifting through the usual field of new releases featuring either assinine lyrics, shoddily-mixed sound, half-baked arrangements, and/or wobbly-kneed vocalists, my luck suddenly changed for the better when Pete Sinfield's *Still* took its turn at a chance for fame and fortune.

There's no getting around it though, as objective as you try to be, you listen differently to an album by someone you're familiar with than you do to an artist who just put out his very first album.

Sinfield spent his getting-to-know-you years as lyricist and co-pilot for King Crimson. Now, if you've got two ears and any measure of musical sophistication at all, you've heard of King Crimson. Crimson has probably gotten more "fuckin' good group"-type comments than most others groups. And for very valid reasons.

Think about it. King Crimson, Pete Sinfield. Definitely an association that leaves strong impressions, and just as strong expectations when someone as close to the heart of King Crimson as Sinfield was goes solo.

And so I'm sitting there with this set of expectations, knowing that I'm somehow gonna get knocked off balance one way or the other, when Sinfield comes along and not only knocks me off the fence into some zero-gravity audio-euphoria, but says, very calmly, "Wait there, I'll be back with more!"

With *Still* you can start on either side and find out right away pretty much what the album's all about, and be completely happy with everything you hear. But it's a close contest and I think side two slightly surpasses side one, with its opener, "Envelopes of Yesterday," very possibly the best song on the LP.

Sinfield has a very mellow way with lyrics which generate music that seems to slowly canter across the record, the words hanging on tightly as they ride smoothly and breath-takingly to the final groove.

In *Still*, his lyrics are as beautifully poetic as ever, in some places even more so, particularly in "Envelopes of Yesterday," "The Night People," and "The Song of the Seagoat."

Except for "Will It Be You," a sort of present tense "(Will You Still Love Me) When I'm Sixty-Four?" and "Wholefood Boogie," a macro-tribute to the merits of eating only natural foods, both uptempo tunes which can only be faulted for being out of synch with the mood set by the rest of the album, the atmosphere drifts freely with words of abandonment, philosophy, fantasy, late nights, truth, impressionism, confusion, dillusion, and hope.

The special touch that made the sound of King Crimson so authoritative, yet so patient and gentle, is also applied here to *Still*. Sinfield handled the overall production movements himself, but chose to call on former Crimsonmates Mel Collins and Greg Lake for sympathetic assistance. Collins became part of, and arranged, the brass and flute sections while Lake sat in on guitar and produced the vocals. Both of them aided Sinfield with the mixing.

Still, despite having long stretches of fragile poetry and mood contending with the relatively large number of people involved, including the brass/flute sections and several different people on the same instrument at various times during the recording, comes down to a final mix with an almost impeccable clarity and eveness to it.

For an album by *anyone*, I couldn't ask for more than what *Still* offers. Any expectations I had in front of Sinfield's performance have all now been left behind in the dust as *Still* whooshes by to levels still higher.

Some records you only become infatuated with; *Still* you can love.

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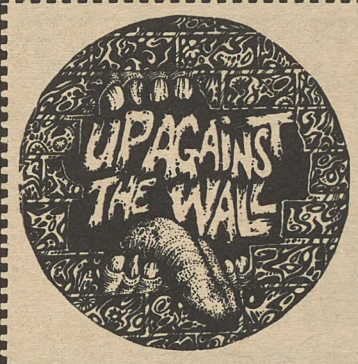

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Cont. from Page 5

chin and peered in the direction the boy was looking.

"No sweat, we'll be running within ten minutes. Hand me that big hammer."

He pounded the offending part back into the hole it protruded from. "We'll just pack that with rags and that will hold the oil in 'til you can get it fixed good."

The boy gathered up his tools and started back to his car.

"Where are you going?" hollered George. "We've got to get this back together!"

"These are my taking-apart tools. I gotta get my putting-together tools. Just sit tight."

The boy returned empty handed. "Okay, Jack. Get in you car and when I holler, you hit the starter, okay?"

George climbed in, waiting while the boy picked up the cylinder heads and carefully placed them crosswise on top of the engine. The manifold he wedged in between the fan and the radiator, leaving a sizeable indentation and puncture. The carburetor and distributor parts he distributed amongst the front suspension members.

"There!" He breathed a sigh of relief and pulled down the hood.

"Okay, man. It should start now. I'll be seeing you." He ran and jumped into his own car and took off, while George's crankshaft pushed hard up against the broken connecting rod. Nothing.

Nine fifty. George climbed out again and started looking for the hood latch.

Screeeech! Another car stopped, a blue sedan about just as old as George's.

"You outta gas?" yelled the man emerging from his car. "I got an extra tank here in my trunk." He walked up to George.

"No, I think it's more than just gas; you see, there was this knocking noise, and everything stopped, and then —"

"Here, let's have a look." He pushed George and snapped the hood open. "By God! You mean you were just driving down the road in this thing? Your engine's all in little pieces."

Now what? What else can happen to George to keep him from getting to work? A stomach spasm overode all else for a second and a faulty image of the Artist's viscera (an artist's conception) went in full color and stereo into the two recording tracks allotted to it. *I'm hungry! The hell with this. I can't do anything today.* Fire and sulfer split down the optic nerves to the retinas. Enzymes jostled simpler molecules, energy levels changed and photons compensated by traversing the vitreous humor to the vidicon lens and plate. *Golf.* It was recorded in light and sound. The recorded signal terminated.

"Enough of this for today!" The Artist pushed the visor back and got up, eyes smarting.

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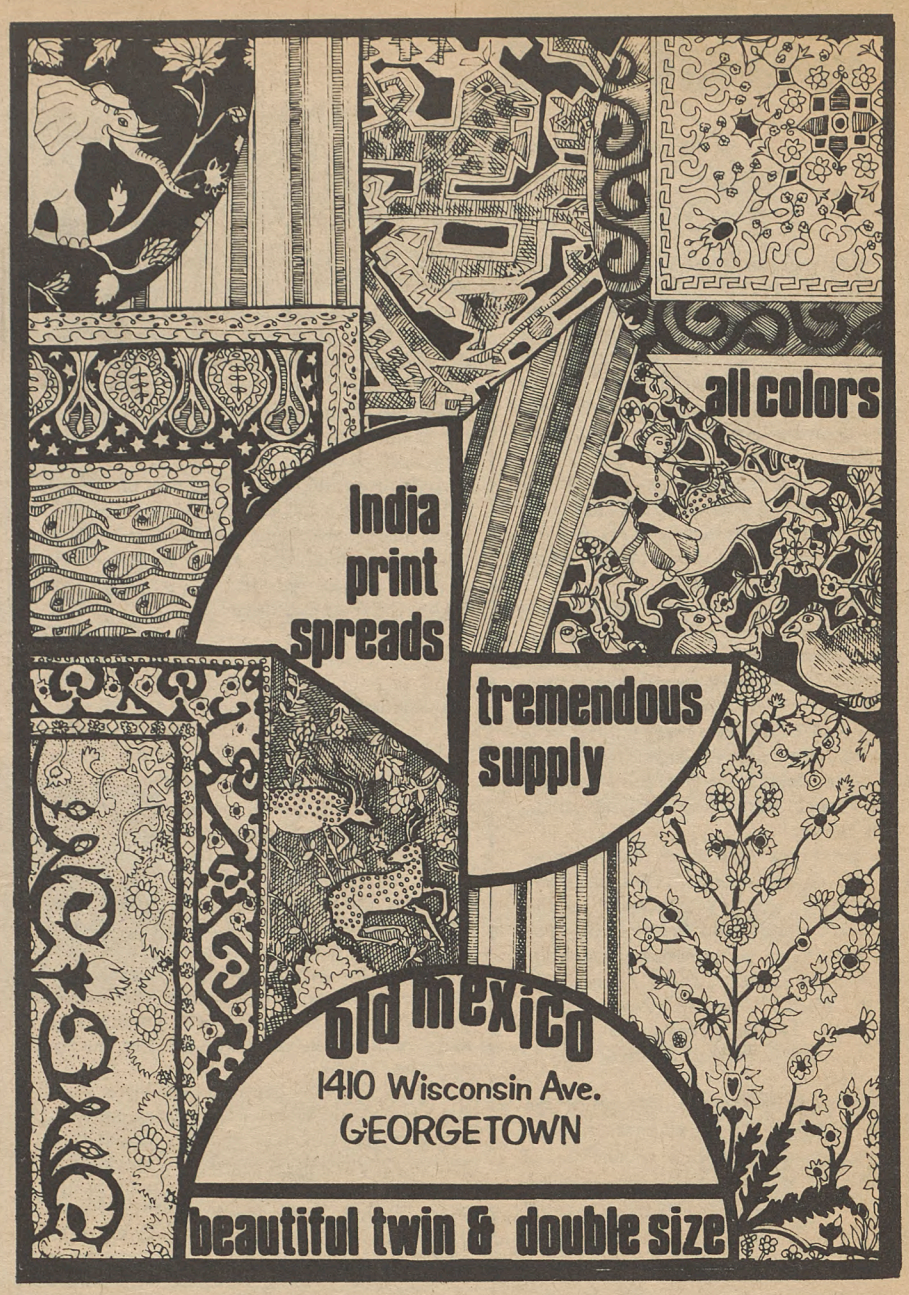

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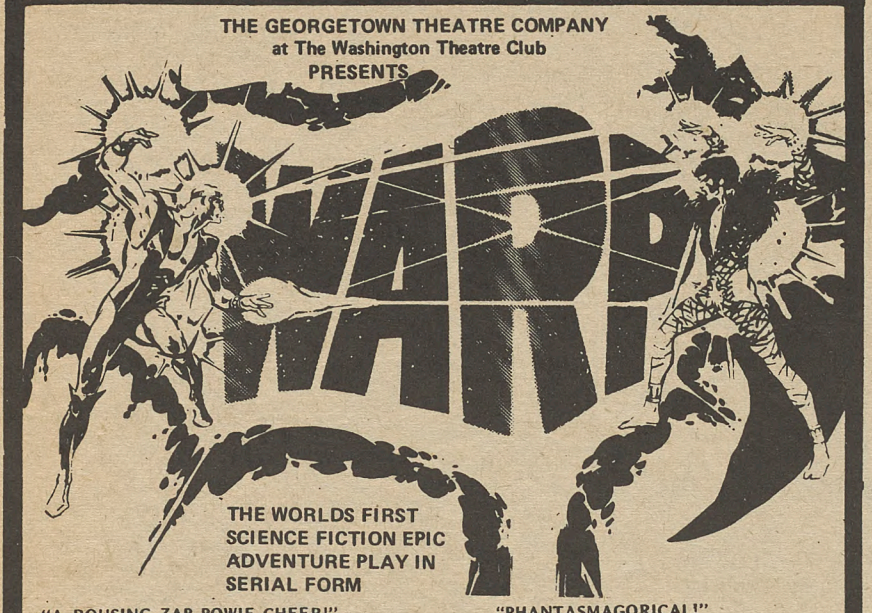

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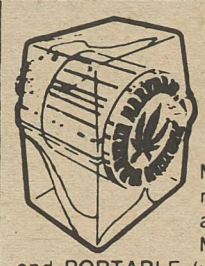

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16

BIRTHDAYS

Bert Kaempfert

MUSIC

Philadelphia Orchestra; Lyric Theatre, Balto.; 8pm; 685-5086.
Baroque Arts Chamber Orch.; Alice Deal Aud., Neb. Ave. & Fort Dr.; 8:30pm; 829-7050; free.
Hickory; Childe Harold; 9-2am; 483-6702.
Freddie Hubbard/Franklin Ajaye; Cellar Door; 337-3389.
Madeline Sullivan - vocalist; Blues Alley; 337-4141.
Charlie Byrd; Maryland Inn, Annapolis; 261-2206
Charles Tolaver; Etcetera; 466-8822.
Flight; Mr. Henry's, Coll. Pk.; 345-2800.

FILMS

The Styles of Silent Comedy I: Charlie Chaplin (6:30)/Limelight (9); AFI; 833-9300.
Making a Revolution; Enoch Pratt Free Library, Balto.; 2pm 396-5430.
Castles & Cathedrals N. of Paris; Walters Art Gallery; Balto. 1pm; 547-9000
Red BAlloon; S.W. Branch Library; 10:30am; free
Casablanca/To Have & Have Not; Circle; 331-7480
Tokyo Story (Ozu); Internat'l Playhouse Theatre; noon-10pm; 783-8500.
Twelve Chairs; Inner Circle; 331-7480.

EVENTS

lecture—Eckankar, the Ancient Science of Total Awareness; A.U. Kaye Spiritual Center; 3:45; free
ballet—American BAllet Theater)swan Lake) JFKC; 8pm; 254-3270.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17

BIRTHDAYS

Cozy Cole, Gary Puckett, Rodney Clement (Lindesfarne)
Chopin died, 1849
Beatles 1st TV appearance, 1962

music

MUSIC

Chris Williamson/Meg Christian; Back Alley Theatre; 8:30pm; $2 582-6133
Liz Meyer & Blue Plains; Childe Harold; 9-2am; 483-6702
Keith Jenkins-organist; St. John's Church, LaFayette Sq.; 12:10, free.
Freddie Hubbard (see Oct. 16)
Charlie Byrd (see Oct. 16)
Lord Brynner-Calypso King!; Hotel Ambassador; 10pm & midnight; 628-8510.
Charles Tolliver (see Oct. 16)
Flight (see Oct. 16)

FILMS

The Good Earth; AFI; 6:30 & 9pm; 833-9300
Frederick Matrioska. Cat in the Hat; Wash. Highlands Br. Library; 4pm; free.
Casablanca/To have & Have Nt (see Oct. 16)
Tokyo Story (see Oct. 16)
The Long Darkness; K-B Rosslyn Plaza; 527-7200
King Lear; Inner Circle; 331-7480.

EVENTS

reading—Roland Flint; Textile Museum; 8pm; 667-6442
dance— Wetzig Dance Co; Theatre Project, Balto.; 8:30 539-3090.
lecture—Women, Mind, Body & the Law; Dr. Margaret Bridwell; Essex Comm. Coll.; noon; (301) 682-6000
meditation— Sri Chinmoy; All Souls Unitarian Chruch, 16th & Harvard 7:30pm; free
harvest—Oxon Hill Corn Harvest; all invited; 9:30am - 5pm, off Indian Head Hiway exit of Beltway (I-495); 839-1177.
ballet— Am. BAllet Theatre (see Oct. 6)

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18

BIRTHDAYS

Cynthia Weil, Russ Giguere (Association)

MUSIC

U.S. Navy BAnd strikes again; Aspen Hill Library; Rockville; 7:30pm; free, 530-5200
Wind Ensemble & Chorus; Montgom. Coll., Rockville; 8pm; free
Julliard Quartet; Lib. of Cong.; 8:30pm; 393-4463
Liz Meyer (see Oct. 17)
Freddie Hubbard (see Oct. 16)
Charlie Byrd (see Oct. 16)
Charles Tolliver (see Oct. 16.)
Buddy Rich; Marshal H.S., Falls Church; $4; 893-7400
Flight (see Oct. 16)

FILMS

Making a Revolution (see Oct. 16) 7:30pm
China - Awakening Giant; Lyric Theatre; 8:30pm (301) 685-2370
Creative Screen—ceramic Arts; 11am & 12:45pm; Grand Salon, Renwick Gallery; free
Casablanca/To Have & Have Not (see Oct. 16)
Blue Angel (Ger.); Internat'l Playhouse; 783-8500
The Long Darkness (see Oct. 17)
King Lear (see Oct. 17)

EVENTS

dance—Wetzig Dance Co (see Oct. 17)
harvest—Oxon HIll Corn Harvest (see ?ct. 17)
calypso—Lord Brynner; Lisner Aud., G.W.U.; 8pm; $5; 626-7410
ballet—Am. Ballet Theatre — Mendelssohn Symph., Grand Pas Classique, Undertow, Etudes (see Oct. 16)

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19

BIRTHDAYS

Keith Reid (Procul Harum)

MUSIC

Earle Brown - Music for Chamber Orch, 1952-72; Baird Aud., Museum of Nat'l Hist.; 8:00
Chris Williamson; benefit for U of Md Women's Ctr; U of Md Student Union; noon; $1 donation; 454-5411
Julliard Quartet (see Oct. 18)
Liz Meyer (see Oct. 18)
Freddie Hubbard (see Oct. 16)
Julian Bream - lutenist & guitarist; JFKC; 8:30; $4.50-$6.50; 254-3090
Original Washington Monument Jazz Band; Mayflower (w/buffet); $6
Helen Reddy/Rob't Klein; Shady Grove (301) 948-3400
Frankie Valli & 4 Seasons; Stardust; 843-6233
Charlie Byrd (see Oct. 16)
Charles Tolliver (see Oct. 16)
Flight (see Oct. 16)

FILMS

Ryan: Crossfire (6:30)/Billy Budd (9); AFI; 833-9300
China: Awakening Giant (see Oct. 18)
Creative Screen (see Oct. 18)
Taking Off/Thousand Clowns; Circle : 331-7480
Closely Watched Trains (Czechoslovakia); Internat'l Playhouse; 783-8800
The Long Darkness (see Oct. 17)

EVENTS

dance—Wetzig Dance Co (see Oct. 17)
lecture—Israel at 25; Goucher Coll.; 8pm; (301) 825-3300
lecture—Dance: the sacred & healing; Dolores Novoa; Isis Ctr.; Rockville; 8pm; $3
harvest (see Oct. 18)
ballet—Am. Ballet Theatre - Giselle (see Oct. 16)
bazaar—Washington Turkish Women's Assoc.; 1606 23rd st. 11am-6

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20.

BIRTHDAYS

Alan Cartwright (Procol Harum)

MUSIC

Heavy Metal Kids; A.U. Coffeehouse; 9pm-12:45; free
Music from Marlboro—chamber music; Baird Aud., Museum of Nat'l Hist.; 5:30; $13.50 general public series subscript.; $5/concert, $4 students
Liz Meyer (see Oct. 18)
Freddi Hubbard (see Oct. 16)
Jessye Norman - soprano; JFKC; $16-$20; 254-3776
Helen Reddy/Rob't Klein (see Oct. 19)
Frankie Valli (see Oct. 19)
Charlie Byrd (see Oct. 16)
Lord Bryner; Hotel Ambassador, 10 & midnight; 628-8510
Charles Tolliver (see Oct 16)
Flight (see Oct. 16)
Allman Bros; Wet Willie, Martin Mull, Marshall Tucker Band on Don Kirshner's Rock Concert [pre-empted from Oct. 13] WRC channel 4 and 11:30pm

FILMS

Princess Yank Kwei (6:30)/General Died at Dawn (9); AFI; 833-9300
Taking Off/Thousand Clowns (see Oct. 19)
Evening w/ Royal Ballet; Internat'l Playhouse; 783-8500
Samurai Rebellion; K-B Rosslyn Plaza; 527-7200

EVENTS

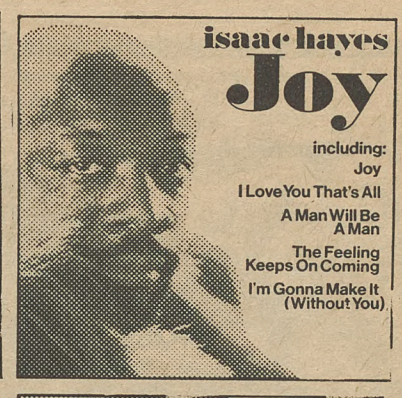
lecture—New Images 1839-1973: Reviving early photographic processes; Museum of Hist. & Tech. 10:30am
dance—Wetzig DAnce Co :see Oct. 17
harvest (see Oct. 18)
ballet—Am Ballet Theatre; Swan Lake; JFKC, 2pm
Theme & Variation, 3 Virgins & a Devil, At Midnight, Grad. BAll (see Oct. 16)

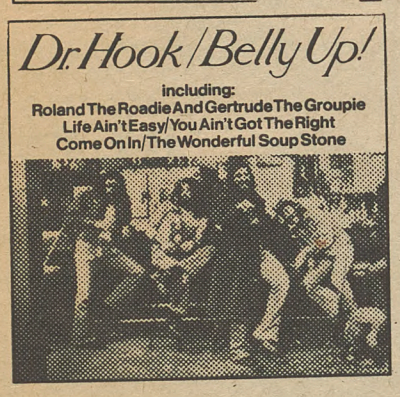
Woodwind
WOODWIND

AFTER HOURS SALE
9pm - 2am

NEW RIDERS
The Adventures of PANAMA RED
including:
It's Alright With Me/Teardrops In My Eyes
Kick In The Head/Thank The Day/L. A. Lady

Paul Simon
There Goes Rhymin' Simon
including:
Kodachrome/American Tune
One Man's Ceiling Is Another Man's Floor
Take Me To The Mardi Gras/Was A Sunny Day




Dr. Hook/Belly Up!
including:
Roland The Roadie And Gertrude The Groupie
Life Ain't Easy/You Ain't Got The Right
Come On In/The Wonderful Soup Stone

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SAT. OCT. 27